





# THE ANTI-SLAVERY BUGLE.

government which refuses to acknowledge—nay, denies that I can be a citizen, or bring a suit into its courts of justice—in a word, brands me as an outlaw in virtue of my blood, now professes a wish to try me for being a traitor and an outlaw! To be a traitor, two conditions are necessary: First—there must have been a government; secondly—he must be found in armed rebellion against that government. I am guilty of neither element of treason. The American government refuses to shelter the negro under its protecting wing, and makes him an outlaw. The government is therefore quite unaccountable and inconsistent. Allegiance and protection are said to go together, and depend upon each other. When one is withdrawn, the other ceases. But I think Mr. Buchanan is not only unaccountable and inconsistent in his design upon me, but a little cowardly withal. The plan seems to be to strike where his slaves are likely to meet the least resistance. It cannot be that I am worthy of the extra attention paid me by the government. The Rochester Enquirer very properly raises the inquiry as to why I am especially singled out. Am I more involved than others whose names have been mentioned in connection with the name of dear Old Ossawatimille Brown? The answer is to get hold of me, while the other and more popular men, happened to be equally compromised, are merely threatened, shows that my color, as well as my alleged crime, enters into the calculations of the government, and that it proposes to arrest first those who can be arrested easiest. In this it acts with its usual cowardice.

"STRONG MEAT" FOR VIRGINIA SLAVES.—Woodell Phillips has got a hearing where he never did before. The Richmond Enquirer, the old Richmond Enquirer, of Nov. 5th, publishes his "Lesson of the Hour" delivered in Brooklyn, in full. It is a "manifesto of treason," and yet spreads the incendiary speech all through the Southern States. If the "Free South" was worthy of mob destruction in Kentucky for temperately advocating emancipation, what measure of pro-slavery wrath should be meted out to the Richmond Enquirer for scattering Mr. Phillips' words than "fire brands, arrows and death" through frightened Virginia?

The Enquirer professes to be alarmed at "the applause that greeted the treason of Phillips at Brooklyn," and solemnly declares that "our Northern brethren, by such exhibitions of approbation, are fanning the flame of civil discord, which, in an unlooked for hour, will burst forth into a consuming conflagration." And continues the incendiary Enquirer, "we shall feel the need of slumbering embers with every particle of fuel furnished by the Northern fanatics."

That's right, pile on the fuel till Slavery is burnt out like an old pipe!—*Leader.*

## HARPER'S FERRY IN TEXAS.

It is not given to any man to be always fortunate. Mr. Buchanan has won for his administration a big place in the military annals of mankind by the vigor with which he marched a large force of marines to drive the seventeen insurgents of Brown's band out of the great National Army at Harper's Ferry, and rescue Virginia from that fierce Attila and his desperate army. He should, therefore, except with fortitude the check sustained by his arms from the force of Cortinas, the Mexican guerrilla, at Brownsville, in Texas. Why, by the way, should this name of Brown be so mysteriously mixed up with the Presidential career?

For now nearly a month, Cortinas, a "few fellows of the lower sort," with a handful of reckless ruffians, has held Western Texas and the Rio Grande in a state of practical anarchy. He has, in fact, conquered that portion of the United States, and a dispatch, which we publish to-day, announces that he is on the point of extending his operations over a wider range of country. The United States military authorities in Texas have found themselves unable to cope with Cortinas. He dashes across the river, levies tribute, demands the heads of obnoxious individuals, and finds his host daily recruited by men of the same sort who flocked to King David in the mountains. Brownville in despair sends up her cry to New Orleans, and while we are discussing the propriety of protecting Mexico, our own citizens are fleeing from their homes in fear of a knot of Mexican brigands!

The spectacle is not very flattering to our national pride, and if Mr. Buchanan has retreated from his delight in the victory won by his marines at Harper's Ferry, we should advise him to dispatch those valiant men at arms at once to Texas. He need not be alarmed about his own personal safety, for though John Brown be not hung, we can insure him protection by sending him a few of those gallant New York soldiers of whom the *Courier & Enquirer*, with so much delicacy, sense and patriotism, declares that a regiment will suffice to whip the entire South into submission to the Republican President, when that journal proposes to "perforate Mr. Buchanan's place. In all seriousness, the actual state of things in Western Texas is beyond all expression shameful to the Government which so supinely permits it to exist.—*N. Y. Times.*

## JOHN BROWN TO MRS. CHILD.

Mrs. Child had her trunk packed, and was all ready to go to Virginia, when she received the following letter. Captain Brown also discourages his wife from going there at present. She was en route for Charleston, but was met by a telegraphic despatch to the above effect.

Mrs. L. Maria Child:—My Dear Friend (such you prove to be, though a stranger): Your most kind letter has reached me, with the kind offer to come here and take care of me. Allow me to express my gratitude for your great sympathy, and at the same time to propose to you a different course, together with my reasons for wishing it. I should certainly be greatly pleased to become personally acquainted with one so gifted and so kind; but I cannot avoid feeling some objections to it, under present circumstances. First, I am in charge of a very humane gentleman, who, with his family, have rendered me every possible attention I have desired, or that could be of the least advantage; and I am so far recovered from my wounds as no longer to require nursing. Then, again, it would subject you to great personal inconvenience and heavy expense, without doing me any good. Allow me to name to you another channel through which you may reach me with your sympathetic words more effectually. I have at home a wife and three young daughters, the youngest but little over five years old, the oldest nearly sixteen. I have also two daughters-in-law, whose husbands have both fallen near me here. There is also another widow, Mrs. Thompson, whose husband fell here. Whether she is a mother or not, I cannot say. All these, my wife included, live in North Elba, Essex county, New York. I have a middle-aged son, who has been, in some

degree, a cripple from his childhood, who would have as much as he could do to earn a living. He was a most dread(ful) sufferer in Kansas, and lost all he had laid up. He has not enough to clothe himself for the winter comfortably. I have no living son, we son-in-law, who did not suffer terribly in Kansas.

Now Dear friend, would you not as soon contribute fifty cents now, and a like sum yearly, for the relief of these very poor and afflicted people, to enable them to supply themselves and their children with bread and very plain clothing, and to enable the children to receive a common English education? Will you also devote your own energy to induce others to join you in giving a like amount, or any other amount, to constitute a little fund for the purpose named?

I cannot see how your coming here can do me the least good; and I am quite certain you can do me immense good where you are. I am quite cheerful under all my afflicting circumstances and prospects; having, as I humbly trust, "the peace of God, which passeth all understanding," in my heart. You may make such use of this, as you see fit. God Almighty bless and reward you a thousand fold!

Yours in sincerity and truth,  
JOHN BROWN.

## From the New York Times. GERRIT SMITH'S INSANITY.

The intelligence of Gerrit Smith's removal to the Lunatic Asylum at Utica, seems to be established beyond reasonable doubt. The *Evening Post* makes the following statements concerning an alleged family tendency to this disease:

"Mr. Smith is said to have an hereditary predisposition to insanity. His father, Peter Smith, though the possessor of an immense estate and surrounded with every circumstance of prosperity, was subject to fits of profound despondency, during which he was under the impression that he would die a beggar. Unlike his noted son, he was exceeding sharp in his bargain and money affairs. It is also said that the late Peter Smith, the brother of Gerrit, was for some time an inmate of a lunatic asylum, though when he died, he was generally regarded as in possession of his reason. Gerrit Smith has lost all his children except one, the wife of Col. Miller, of Peterboro'."

This observation of a noble character, whether it prove permanent or temporary, is a melancholy clue of a strange career. Mr. Smith is a man of the kindest and most benevolent impulses, of strong and acutely logical intellect, and of marked integrity. But he lacked practical common sense and credulous to the last degree, and wholly devoid of that robust personal courage and strength of character essential to useful action or even successful endurance. With the family predisposition as a basis, he has doubtless been hurried into the crisis of his disease by the affair at Harper's Ferry, and especially by the extent to which his own name has been connected with it. His career in Congress indicated an other liability to reveal personal pressure—and a vivid apprehension that he might be personally involved in the penal consequences of this invasion, has undoubtedly proved too strong for his unbalanced mind. He has evidently been frightened into insanity.

CONDITION OF GERRIT SMITH.—Utica, Thursday, Nov. 10.—Gerrit Smith shows continued marks of insanity. No one is allowed to see him, but it is understood that he refers in his ravings to the Harper's Ferry matter, and supposes himself arrested.

From the Rochester Daily Express.

Ever since the denouement of the mad and foolhardy attempt of old Brown at Harper's Ferry, there have been rumors that Gerrit Smith was in a most distressing and pitiable state of mind.

It is said that he has been constantly wringing his hands and bemoaning the fate of poor Brown, and accusing himself with having been instrumental in bringing his friends into their present sore troubles.

While making a visit to the neighborhood of Mr. Smith's residence, a few days since, we learned that his friends were apprehensive that his reason would give way under the load of grief and anxiety the friends of Harper's Ferry and neighborhood has occasioned, and we were not, therefore, surprised to learn this morning that these fears have been realized, and that the unhappy man is now a raving lunatic. He was taken to the Lunatic Asylum at Utica yesterday.

From the Utica Herald.

We are greatly pained to learn that Gerrit Smith, the free-hearted but sadly erratic philanthropist, became, on Monday last, an inmate of the New York State Lunatic Asylum, where it has been found necessary to place him on account of marked insanity. We learn that he is very violent, and has exhibited a disposition to commit suicide, and that an attendant keeps constant watch over him to prevent him from laying violent hands on himself. This result, we hear, is attributed to the connection of Mr. Smith's name with the Harper's Ferry affair; many will regard it as the consequence of long-expected and marked disease.

## THE CLEVELAND KIDNAPPING CASE.

The Cincinnati *Gazette* thus chronicles the arrival in that city, and the examination there of John Seaton, the last—at this present writing—kidnaped Ohioan:

He arrived per the Little Miami Railroad at 7 o'clock yesterday morning—thus coming the entire distance in the night.

The negro, whose name is given as Henry Seaton, was immediately taken before U. S. Commissioner Brown, and granted a trial, as impartial as that had by the kidnaped Ross. The claimant Mr. John Seaton, L. D. Rice, Attorney at Law, and R. M. Robb, all claiming to be citizens of Greenupburg, Greenup county, Ky., identified the negro, and—thus ended the examination. The negro was slipped out of the building, across the river, and lodged in the Covington jail. We believe that in this, as in all fugitive slave cases, no testimony was asked as to the identification of the claimant and his witnesses. Justice has no claims on the Fugitive Slave Law. None at all.

Henry Seaton—what relation, other than slave, does he bear to his master, John Seaton? Is a negro of legal complexion, about six feet tall, and twenty-two years of age—a valuable piece of property on a cotton plantation. It is alleged that he was escaped from Greenupburg on the Fourth of July last—Liberty's Day—and crossing the river at Freedom, passed on through to Cleveland, where he was then decoyed into the hands of the Marshal. From some source unknown to us, he was arrested without the knowledge of any person excepting those who did the work, and brought all the way to this city, without any attempt being made to inquire into the matter. The circumstances here were conducted with the usual quibbles

and evasions, and before any of our citizens (outside of the U. S. Court) were aware of what had transpired, the negro was a captive on the slave soil of Kentucky.

## Communications.

### CONVENTION AT ADRIAN.

An Anti-Slavery Convention was held at Adrian, Mich. Nov. 8th, and 9th, and organized by the following appointments. President, Eliza Jones; Vice President, Jacob Walton Jr.; Secretary, Richard Glasier.

Parker Pillsbury made the opening speech, in which he drew a comparison between Lexington and Bunker Hill, and the beginning of a new revolution recently inaugurated at "Harper's Ferry." He said that while Warren and Washington were patriots, Old Ossawatimille Brown in behalf of justice, had struck a telling blow for the rights of man. Mr. P. concluded by affirming that the Church and State being pro-slavery, and the European, as well as American, idea of liberty false, because based on cast, that the abolitionists, whether they knew it or not, were the forlorn hope of slavery, and could not be too deeply imbued with the sublime importance and solemnity of the work in which they had engaged.

On motion of Thomas Chandler, a Business Committee of seven were appointed by the chair, to wit: Parker Pillsbury, Emeline Comstock, Ephraim Riles, Jane Owen, Miss B. Stebbins, Ann Hayball, Thomas Chandler.

Mr. Pillsbury on behalf of the Business Committee then read the following Resolutions, (1 to 7 inclusive) which were discussed by Messrs. Stebbins, Pillsbury and Stuart. Adjourned.

SEVENTH RESOLUTION: The Convention was called to order by the President, Parker Pillsbury again read the resolutions and continued their discussion in an earnest and effective speech, recommending them in his happiest and most convincing manner, to all as the only true gospel of salvation to the individual or the nation. Giles B. Stebbins then offered the appended Resolutions, (8th and 9th.) Adjourned.

ARTICLE 9th. Mr. Stebbins discussed at length the Resolutions offered at the morning session, showing a marked distinction as well as a difference between the churches, and Old Ossawatimille, very much to the credit and honor of the latter. Mr. Pillsbury read a letter from the Editor of the *Bugle* stating that subscriptions to the amount of over six hundred and fifty dollars were due from subscribers in Michigan. Mr. P. called on the friends of the slave and humanity to sustain the *Bugle*, it being one of the few uncompromising Anti-Slavery papers this nation can boast. Adjourned.

ARTICLE 10th. Was one of great interest and profit. Mr. Stuart, Mr. Pillsbury and G. B. Stebbins addressed the meeting, throwing new light upon, and awakening new interest in the minds of all present. On motion of Mr. Pillsbury, the convention directed that a report of the Resolutions and proceedings be forwarded to the *Bugle*, Liberator and Standard, for publication. The Convention was well attended, the interest in its deliberations deepened to the close, so much so that we feel warranted in saying that Michigan has still more than a "name to live" as the friend of freedom and humanity.

ELIZABETH JONES, President.  
RICHARD GLASIER, Secretary.

## RESOLUTIONS.

Resolved, That in American Slavery we have the sum total of all villainies, the climax of all crime and cruelty, a fearful development of the capacity of human nature, to perpetrate and to endure the very worst and agonies of the perdition in Paradise lost—and to average which worse, all the pains and penalties of that perdition would be scarcely too much—wrong so flagrant, as defiant, as that ordinary rape, robbery, rapine, pillage and murder, such as are generally practiced and punished among men, become in the comparison, almost virtues and graces, fit for the kingdom of Heaven.

Resolved, That a slaveholder, as such, has no rights which any human being is bound to respect—no right to life, to liberty or the pursuit of happiness—but from the moment he is in heart and purpose, a slaveholder, he becomes an outlaw in the Moral Universe, a fit subject for the dread, detestation and execration of man, and the sure retributions of the just judgments of God.

Resolved, That the American Constitution is requiring the rendition of Fugitive Slaves, and a suppression of all attempts at insurrection on the part of the slaves, and in making it TREASON, punishable with DEATH, to aid them in such attempts to obtain their Freedom; is most emphatically "A COVENANT WITH DEATH AND AN AGREEMENT WITH HELL," of such a character as to make its destruction one of our first services in humanity, and highest acts of worship and homage to God.

Resolved, That the governments of the slaveholding states are but organized bodies of thieves and robbers, and the recent attempt at Harper's Ferry to deliver some of their victims, was an act of humanity and heroism of so divine a character, as that the memory of the brave man who attempted it, will be held in admiration by American posterity, when the name and fame of La Fayette and Kameo shall have been long forgotten.

Resolved, That the African Slave Trade is already re-created, in fact, if not in form, and the failure of the government to even fulfill its treaty stipulations to prevent it, or provide any vigorous measures for its arrest, or to punish as its own law provides, the most desperate and daring pirates who carry it on, affords another evidence that we live under a despotism the most fearful that ever cursed the earth, and that cannot too soon be hurled to the deepest and most irrecoverable destruction.

Whereas, by the condition of the American constitution the entire national power is pledged to suppress any insurrection among the slaves, therefore,

Resolved, That should the slaves, in the true spirit of the Revolution of 1776, ever unsheathe the sword of rebellion and attempt by violence to obtain their freedom, our wishes, our hopes, our hearts, and our hands too, (as far as we believe they can be righteously employed,) shall be always on the side of the oppressed and against the oppressor, in defiance of all Constitutions, statutes, demands or decisions to the contrary.

Resolved, That all Underground Rail Roads to Canada, and works and ways of darkness, incompatible with our dignity as citizens, and our honor and humanity as men—and only to be endured until the northern states enact laws or humanize public sentiment, so as to renounce all their aid against kidnapping and slave hunting; and to make it as free to the flying fugitive from Southern despotism, as it now is to the killed Hungarian and Italian, who are feeding here an asylum and a home.

Resolved, That as abolitionists we have faith in the potency of truth to supplant error, that we would urge all to "cease to do evil and learn to do well" to the slave as the only path toward peace and safety. That it is our firm conviction that the only safety for this nation, from a terrible baptism of blood, is in becoming in heart and deed abolitionists, without regard to what our present laws, constitutions, or pretended gospel may demand or teach. That if the people, the rulers, politicians and clergy will in their blindness and narrowness of soul, refuse to act and teach the ideas of radical anti-slavery, they must expect worse than Harper's Ferry tragedy, or Nat Turner, or Kansas Border Ruffianism, or Cumberland river insurrections, and the blood shed in such fearful scenes will bear witness how dangerous it is to compromise with crime.

Resolved, That the late effort of Dr. Cheever and a few others among the clergy, to form a "Church Anti-Slavery Society," and thus enlist the active aid of those who profess to love the slave, but do not wish to work for his freedom from those they call Infidels—meeting as it does with evil suspicion instead of candid fellowship from the large majority of the churches and clergy, and sustained even by the New York Independent, with all its Anti-Slavery professions,—their late convention in Boston, attended by but a mere handful of clergy and church members, from the thousands of professed lovers of the slave, among "Evangelical Christians," has clearly shown how empty and poor is the pretence of love for humanity among the so-called orthodox sects.

## LOOK AT THIS: AND THEN AT THAT.

MR. EDITOR: All remember the civil war in Kansas. None, with so poor a memory, but will recollect the frequent invasions of that bloodstained Territory, by the armed ruffians of Missouri, who murdered all who stood in the way of their nefarious frauds, sought to be practiced upon the elections of that Territory. All remember the butchering of an editor who manfully opposed these invasions of their Territory, and these frauds at their elections, and as manfully defended, with pen and tongue, the cause of liberty. They remember how he was taken from friends and carried some distance, and then strangled in the body, and his head cut many times with a hatchet, after which his friends carried his body to his own residence, and throwing open the door, laid the mangled form of a loved and cherished husband, before the terror-stricken wife. The shock was too much for human nature—reason trembled upon its throne—and fell; from that moment she, the loving and affectionate wife, has been a maniac. They remember too, the shooting of a young man, a son of Captain John Brown, one morning as he went to the spring for a pail of water; and the capture of another son, and the tying of him with a heavy log chain, and fastening him to a horse and forcing him to run seven miles, when exhausted nature gave out, and he awoke many days thereafter in the wild delirium of brain fever.

Call to mind, dear reader, all this. Aye! much more than this,—all that catalogue of horrors which stains the history of Kansas. Then ask yourself, who had the power to stay the shedding of innocent blood to quell this rebellion, and bring to justice those lawless pirates. The answer will—it must be, the Governor of the Territory and the President of this mighty Republic. The question that you must ask next, is, did they do it? Did they call out the United States troops, and the militia to hunt down the barbarian invaders of Kansas, and bring them before the proper tribunals of justice? Did they establish a double tribunal, armed and equipped to ride night and day to watch that there was no invasion of the Territory. No! But what did they do? At one time they called out the troops to disarm the people, that they might fall an easy prey to the marauders, for Sheriff's rifles had become a terror to the Border Ruffians, as I hope they may become to ruffians throughout the Union. During the early history of Kansas, every election was marked with more or less bloodshed, and the destruction of more or less property. The Federal Government, and the Territorial, with folded its hands and looked calmly upon the scene, or else, lent their aid to the thrice accursed villain, who sought and pillaged the Territory, and murdered its inhabitants.

But there is another picture for the reader. An old man, whose head was silvered with the hoary clouds of age, hoping to strike an effectual blow at the root of the "sum of all villainies," collected a body of men, who, actuated by the same motives which governed him, agreed to aid him in his truly glorious enterprise, to be guided by his counsel, and to obey his commands. They planned an insurrection, and once their plans laid, commenced the work. But, alas! success did not attend them. God grant it may attend their successors. But does the government look calmly on without lifting a finger to quell the rebellion, or to wipe out the last vestige of the insurrection. It may succeed in doing so. We hope not. It is but natural that it should be alarmed, and should muster its powers, and gather its strength to oppose a force which aims at its overthrow. But has it—the Government—a memory? If so, let it look back to Kansas, and recollect that it omitted a duty, which if it had performed, its present trouble might not have been. Let it remember that the blood spilt in Kansas, has sent sorrow and grief to the homes and hearts of many throughout the North. Their wrongs are remembered, and the blood of Brown and his companions will not be forgotten. Reader, look on these two pictures, and then say if you can, that this is "the land of the free and the home of the brave."

Yours,  
T. W. PORTER.

MIDDLEFIELD, Nov. 1st, 1859.

## JOHN BROWN AND HARPER'S FERRY.

NOVEMBER 13, 1859.

MR. JONES: Don't you see that our nation is in great trouble? The whole of it aches, and geographically almost half of it in dread fear and trembling? And what is the matter? Is Great Britain, or France, or Russia sending their armies to take us, and make us provinces to some foreign despot? No! It is something far worse than all that. Well is the Union to be dissolved? Not right away that I am aware of. Then, what is the trouble? Why Old John Brown whipped Virginia for more than 24 hours, and the armies of the F. F. V. with all their cavalry, led on by a very wise governor, had in nail on Uncle Sam to help him Brown.

Are not they the chaps to talk of dissolving the Union? What roaring bold fellows they are! And now just look at them. After all the power of the nation has conquered John Brown—in imagination—and are talking of hanging him, don't you notice how bold they are? Just open a democratic paper, no matter where it is from, and all the eloquence of its editor is lavished on "Old

Brown." See how the terrified can talk and belabor a man, with but few friends, now that he is in prison and cannot harm a hair of their heads.

And not only are the brawling democrats all full of abuse towards Brown, but their opponents, the republicans, are trying to out do them in denunciation and execration. Oh these are glorious fellows to put down agitation on the slavery question. Every republican paper I have seen is thundering away at Brown, and doing what it can to make him infamous. And all this is done by both parties to show their great veneration for this gelatinous union. Let them hang away.

Brown's exploit, for the present, terminated like that of Guy Fawkes' powder plot; but the powder, it cannot be denied, is there—that is, in the slave states—and if not ignited by the hand of some other Brown, it will some day go off by spontaneous combustion, and then we will have something to clamor about. Nat Turner insurrections, Tennessee disturbances, and Harper's Ferry affairs are but the gentle breeze of a forthcoming tornado.

The South is terrified out of its wits—there they see in every bush an officer, and in every millen stock a bayonet. And why do they see these things? Because an incubus of guilt overhangs them like a nightmare, and they verify the scriptures which say "One shall chase a thousand and two put ten thousand to flight"—or the "wicked flee when no man pursueth."

Poor Wiser! why he is in a worse fix than Brown. The latter, would soon to change places with the governor, even of the F. F. V's.

J. P.

## The Anti-Slavery Bugle.

SALEM, OHIO, NOVEMBER 12, 1859.

This Bugle can be obtained, every Friday, of Isaac Trencort, at Steer's Book Store on Main street, Salem, Ohio.

FRANCIS ELLIEN WATKINS is authorized to obtain subscribers for the Bugle, and to receive for any monies paid on account of the paper.

ISAAC TRENCORT is duly authorized to receive all monies on account of subscriptions on the Bugle.

## SUBSCRIPTION PRICE TO BUGLE.

\$1.50 PER ANNUM, IN ADVANCE.

## OFFICIAL ACTION.

At a stated meeting of the Executive Committee of the Western Anti-Slavery Society held in Salem, Ohio, November 6th, 1859, the following Preamble and Resolution was unanimously adopted:

Whereas, Captain John Brown, who has been sentenced by the Government of Virginia to be publicly hung on the 2nd of December next, because of his recent attempt at Harper's Ferry to practically establish upon Virginia soil the doctrine of the Declaration of American Independence; and

Whereas, in that attempt he did only what the charter of our political rights fully authorized him to do, observing in his course toward the foes of humanity, a moderation and a forbearance as unusual among warriors as it was commendable; and although the Western Anti-Slavery Society does not in its organized capacity resort, or propose to resort, to any measure of physical coercion for the overthrow of slavery, yet we, its Executive Committee, recognize in Captain John Brown, a true friend of impartial liberty, working out his own convictions of right, by means which he believed to be justified of God; therefore

Resolved, That in case Virginia shall persist in executing the sentence of its court upon Captain Brown, we recommend to the members of the Western Anti-Slavery Society, and to all the true friends of freedom in the West, to observe the 2nd of December as a day consecrated to a renewal of their anti-slavery efforts; and to an increase of their anti-slavery energies, and to an increase of their anti-slavery efforts; and that on that occasion they publicly or privately testify, in such manner as commends itself to their judgment, to their hatred of slavery, and their opposition to that government composed of Democrats and Republicans, which captured John Brown, and having shot down his sons by his side, handed the old wounded soldier to the authorities of Virginia for the mockery of a trial, and the ignominy of an execution.

Signed on behalf and by direction of Executive Committee:  
JOHN GORDEN, Chairman, pro tem.  
BENJ. S. JONES, Secretary.

## THE SECOND OF DECEMBER.

The Resolution of the Executive Committee recommends all the true friends of freedom in the West, to observe the 2nd of December, in such a way as they deem will best promote the cause of human rights.

The American Government and the American Church condemn Captain Brown. While engaged in the baptismal deed of consecrating to Liberty a battle field more worthy of honor than are the plains of Concord or Lexington, the Federal Government clouted him by the throat, and handed him to Virginia to be gibbeted upon a gallows; and the American Church, raising its hands crimsoned with the slave's blood, came forward, and blessed the deed.

Who then, has a right to condemn, on the 2nd of December next, the action of the Federal Government? To us, it seems hardly consistent for the members of that government which handed John Brown to Virginia that he might be crucified, to tell how sorry, and how indignant they are that their agents have done the very thing they authorized them to do. What community most needs at this time, is consistent anti-slavery action. Denunciations buried against slavery, are worth but little when neutralized by deeds which sustain the system. Doubtless there are many who on such an occasion as the one referred to, would be ready to join in an outward manifestation of grief, to toll the bells in their steeple, to drape their houses and their streets with the dark emblems of woe, and to pass resolutions expressive of their indignation of the deed. But ask them to adjure the government that did the deed, and stands ready to repeat the outrage whenever another such blow is struck for freedom; ask them to see from that church which upholds the hands of the State and smother her infamies, and they will leave you because of your impracticable notions, and then turn and give no strength to the government and new vitality to

the church, who will unite in preparing new altars, upon which to sacrifice other lovers of liberty.

We may be peculiar in our notion of these things—very likely we are. If we had a brother who had fallen beneath the influence of the tempter, and gone down to the drunkard's grave, we could not well bear to have the rumormonger or the family come near the corpse; and we should desire that every man who went to make up the government which legalized the deed that deprived our brother of manhood and of life, should stand afar off, unless he drew near only that he might the more fervently ejaculate "God be merciful to me, a sinner."

And such are our feelings in regard to Captain Brown. The poor, degraded outcasts of Christian America—the enslaved, and those who by color are connected with them, have the best right to sympathize with John Brown, and to denounce his murderers. And woman, who—thanks be to God!—has not had her better feelings, her holier instincts corrupted by the immorality of politics, and the obsequious of partisan leaders, and of whom the poet has beautifully said,

"Not she with traitorous kiss her Savior stung,  
Not she denied him with unhalloved tongue;  
She, when Apollo shrieked, could danger brave,  
Last at the Cross and earliest at the Grave."

She has a right to sympathize with the Hero of Ossawatimille, and the Martyr of Harper's Ferry. And they who have come out from the Church and from the State in obedience to their convictions of right, who have voluntarily put aside all political privileges and distinctions—they also have a right, and can consistently condemn the Government that in December next, purpose to gibbet on a Virginia gallows the man whose name shall be handed down to future ages as the Martyr-hero of 1859.

If there are others than those who think they can consistently unite in doing homage to a brave man, and in denouncing the government which deprives him of his life, let them do it. We have given our opinion, and only desire it should pass for what it is worth.

## ANOTHER CASE OF KIDNAPPING.

Cases of kidnapping are multiplying so rapidly, that should a weekly paper attempt to give the details of them all, it would scarcely have room for other matter.

It appears that the slave catchers, emboldened by their late successful foray upon the State Capital, where they found they could steal negroes from under the very nose of Gov. Chase, and with perfect impunity, concluded they would next try Cleveland; and they have abducted a victim from that city, who was carried very quietly to Cincinnati, where his case was very summarily disposed of.

Ohio is a capital State, just now, for kidnappers. Tom Corwin's advocacy of obedience to the Fugitive Slave Law is producing its legitimate fruit—a crop of slave catchers who fear neither God nor man. Having sold themselves to the devil, why should they fear God? And why should they fear man? The Democrats of Ohio are with them heart and hand; and the great mass of Republicans are, if not with heart, yet with hand. If they should unfortunately become entangled in the meshes of some inhuman state law, will not the angel also be with them, who opened the doors of the Egyptian jail to his brother kidnappers when confined there?

The irrepressible conflict which erupted out in the revolutionary movement at Harper's Ferry, may, ere long appear by a somewhat similar manifestation upon soil nearer home than that. Patient and long suffering as the negro race has proved itself to be, the time may come when an unprotected and outraged class of the inhabitants of our own State, shall take their defense into their own hands, and enact a Personal Liberty Bill that shall be written in letters of blood.

## THE CHARLESTON TRIALS.

Virginia has closed the Charleston trials, and is now resting upon her laurels. Brown, Copin, Cook, Copeland, and Green have all been found guilty. Stephens has been handed over to the U. S. authorities as their share of the spoils. Haxell, who has not yet been identified as one of the conspirators, and against whom it does not appear any indictment has yet been found, will not of course be tried until the State discovers, or manufactures some evidence against him.

The Court of Appeals, to which the cases already decided will be carried, meets on the 20th inst. There is scarcely a shadow of probability that any stay of proceedings can be obtained.

## POSITIVE, BAD; COMPARATIVE WORSE.

Henry Ward Beecher, in a sermon on the Harper's Ferry revolution—revolution, we say, for it is but the Lexington of a more glorious Yorktown than Washington ever saw—Henry Ward Beecher declared—

"I protest against any councils that lead to insurrection, servile war, and bloodshed. It is bad for the master—bad for the slave—for all that are neighbor to them—bad for the whole land—bad from beginning to end."

True as Gospel. But continued Slavery is worse for the master, worse for the slave, worse for all that are neighbor to them, worse for the whole land, worse from beginning to end, than are insurrection, servile war, and the bloodshed that follows in their train.

BEQUEST TO THE CHURCH.—Mrs. Mary Sadler, of Savannah, Geo. recently bequeathed a handsome residence and seven negroes, to the Methodist church of which she was a member. Her work do praise her.

HOW LOW?—The Stark Co. Republican, after giving the details of the Columbus kidnapping case, asks—

"How low are such outrages and such villainies to be permitted? How long is our free soil to be desecrated by such acts of outrageous tyranny?"

We reply, just so long as the people stand by the constitutional provision for the rendition of fugitive slaves, just so long as they insist upon obedience to Federal laws, just so long as they regard as of binding authority a "compact with death and an agreement with hell," just so long as they reject the behests of the Higher Law.

INFORMATION DESIRED.—Woodell Phillips received \$100 for his noble lecture on "The Lesson of the Hour," which he forwarded to John Brown to be expended in procuring for him such comforts as the prison rules allow.

The correspondent of the N. Y. Tribune states that Miriam Greenwood of Cleveland, one of Brown's women, received out of the little property of which she was the owner, not a cent of the \$100 for his legal services. We hope the Tribune's correspondent is mistaken.

Second of the week  
Royal Obedience  
hundred per cent  
photograph  
England, and  
no one can  
any vessel  
money  
We will  
insured, a  
because of the  
that placed  
unpopular  
worth of the  
terrible  
has been to  
day four or  
God, by his  
and all the  
from the de  
does, hope  
nothing was  
of the millio  
tion of the  
evolved from  
nure to help  
made in  
taring, giv  
temple of F  
theory, and  
in prayer.  
And not o  
new born s  
soon slavery  
many procu  
tastrophe on  
and the set  
customed w  
part of this  
every house  
soul at every



THE ROYAL CHARTER.

...the work of an Australian packet ship—the Royal Charter—involving the loss of over four hundred persons. The intelligence of this terrible catastrophe was received with saddened hearts in England, and even in this country it has awakened in common emotions, for it is but rarely that any vessel goes down, and carries with her so many human forms.

We said it was but rarely that such an event occurred, and it is because of its rarity, and not because of its destruction of human life, not because of its amount of human suffering, is the fact placed upon record and made the subject of newspaper comments. On the very day of the wreck of the Royal Charter, an incident more terrible occurred in our midst, of which no note has been taken—at least by man. On that very day four hundred new born babes, upon whom God, by his royal charter, had conferred liberty, and the blessed fruits of that gift, were swept from the deck of *Humanity* and went down, down, hopelessly struggling with the boiling, seething waves of slavery's hell of waters. And if millions who knew of this terrible destruction of the glorious future which might have been theirs from the lot of each victim, there were none to help. Gains sought the crowded streets, made its market. Ambition pursued its glittering prize, and built of human hearts its temple of Feme. Religion sat in its empty sanctuary, and there told its beads, and muttered their prayers. But there were none to help.

And not only on that day were four hundred new souls engulfed in the black sea of American slavery, but on every succeeding day, and on every preceding day has the same terrible catastrophe occurred. It is as regular as the rising and the setting of the sun. Its frequent repetition has so familiarized us with its horrors, so accustomed us to the crime, that it has become a part of this nation's life—a curse that enters into every household, and unbidden takes the vacant seat at every board.

A POSTSCRIPT.

[We intended printing the following P. S. contained in a business letter from Parker Pillsbury, but unfortunately filed away the letter after the business part had been attended to. Though it was written a month or two since, it has not injured in any keeping, and with this explanation we give it to our readers.]

P. S. My last meetings were in Georgia county, small in Newbury, but not so in other places. I have urged the "Personal Liberty Law," wherever it is in my power, and also separation from all church connection with slavery. But large numbers of leading Republicans oppose the former, and all the clergy, nearly, resist both and thus plausibly the other. The old pretence of being anti-slavery, *really* so, since the separation of the General Conference, is still kept up, by many Methodist ministers as well as others, though the facts are all admitted by the Bishops, and the hollow pretence has been proved a lie, a thousand times, in a thousand ways.

In leaving you as now I must, my health imperiously demanding at least a short respite from labor, I would like to think, that the Alliance to the Pacific, there will not, (in my knowledge,) be a single out-and-out Agent left to represent the Garrisonian idea and doctrine. "No Union with Slaveholders," will continue to ring from many a pulpit, but only on occasions, few and far between, in any public way. No agents have ever been worked in the Northeastern counties, than which A. Heyland, and many are wishing he would go through the West. His name and Jones are so many tongues since last winter.

And from the late Liberator, it would seem that his field agencies in Massachusetts, are exactly as they remained—surely not up to the demand. The Personal Liberty Law, the removal of Webster's Statue, (denounced and proped all round with Republicanism,) the hypocritical and hollow-hearted Commonwealth Association, (a law done of sales) and the general interests of the cause, all for a vocal and energetic on every hand, by the real friends of Humanity, such as has never been known before.

EXCHANGING CONSIDERATION.—The Washington Republic, after copying a portion of Wendell Phillips' instructive lecture, says:

"It is a consideration to know that Mr. Phillips is so to an American citizen, and we hope there are very few American citizens who can read his interesting narrative without rejoicing that he is an alien, that he is not only an alien, but an alien enemy."

The editor of the Republic will perhaps be surprised to learn that Mr. Phillips is a native born citizen, whose wealth, and talents, and family connections might have led him to the highest office in the gift of Massachusetts, but that he has nobly relinquished all chance of political preferment, and laid down his citizenship rather than support a pro-slavery government.

DEMONSTRATION.—The *Platender* reminds itself with the thought that the change of an *only* one vote—in every township in the State from Republican to Democrat, would make a difference of 20,000, which would give the State a Democrat. But suppose there should be a change of one vote in each township from Democrat to Republican—then what?

TO THE POINT.—Some of the administration papers have been making a great bluster as to what would be done by the Virginia authorities or some of the United States, to compel the attendance of witnesses in the treason case, of Greeley, Liberator, &c. Herein, in a recent number of the Tribune, make the following proposition, which would seem to settle the matter so far as he is concerned.

"There is no need of a requisition in the present case. A simple letter from Gov. Wise will answer every purpose. And, in order to save expense, the Government of Virginia, not being in a state of rebellion, we hereby signify our intention that if the Government of Virginia, in a letter to the Hon. John C. Fremont, dated in Washington, December 6th, and will then be in the city, as soon as the House shall adjourn, we will go to the city, to step over at his private residence, or at any convenient place in Virginia, and be examined at length before a Judge or Commissioner of that State as to all matters concerning John Brown and his colleagues, and the recent affair at Harper's Ferry. Having had the benefit of a slight acquaintance with Gov. Wise, we do not need to assure him that we will not make any public statement, and that we require of him no safe conduct or stipulation of any sort whatever."

RECENT DOINGS.—His wife has recently been very ill. The latter is said to be much better, but in regard to the condition of the former there are contradictory reports. Some represent his condition as quite critical.

INSANITY OF GERRIT SMITH.—A correspondent in New York writes, "The intelligence will reach you before this letter does, that Gerrit Smith is in a Lunatic Asylum. Oh, is it not too bad that this terrible conflict should deprive him of reason, when reason is so much needed. Prophecy, so long as he has, that the system of slavery must lead in blood, no one was prepared to see him fall at the sound of the first skirmish. The people appear to be awe-stricken. I cannot tell you how deeply they lament his condition. I only wish he had such a bundle of nerves, as has the brave old hero who is at the head of the enterprise."

MARIUS R. ROBINSON will receive his letters if addressed to care of Daniel Anthony, Rochester, New York.

"THE PACE," is the name of a new weekly which comes to us from Painesville. Its politics are Anti-Slavery Republican, and its editor is John R. French, who does not seem to be afraid to "speak out in meeting." We learn that the *Press* was started to meet the wants of the more anti-slavery Republicans of the Reserve. From the well known ability of the editor, we infer that the paper will give satisfaction to its readers until they are prepared to "come up higher."

COSMOPOLITAN ART ASSOCIATION.—Our readers are referred to our advertising columns for the "Sixth Annual Announcement" of this organization. A copy of the engraving there referred to—Shakespeare and his friends—is now on exhibition at Cheesman & Wright's, where those who wish to become members of the Association, can do so, by applying to Isaac Wright, the Secretary for Salem and vicinity.

FRANCIS JACKSON MERRILL, a grandson of Francis Jackson, Treasurer of the American A. S. Society, and who was one of the Harper's Ferry company, is not dead, as was reported, but is well, and in safety.

THE 16th of DECEMBER, two weeks later than the day appointed for Captain Brown's execution, is the time selected for the execution of the others of the Harper Ferry band who have been tried.

CHANGE OF HOUR. By referring to the appropriate advertisement, our readers will see that a change has been made in the time table of the Pittsburg, Ft. Wayne, and Chicago railroad.

"HAIL TO THE CHIEF WHO IN TRUTH ADVANCES."—We have received two numbers of the revived *Homestead Chief*, a temperance paper, edited by T. W. & Emma Brown. A few months since, the editors, "by hook or by crook" found themselves without office, type, or press. They have now all three, and we wish them abundant success in their enterprise.

THE LADIES' WEALTH is a dollar magazine, published by John F. Sewall, No. 6, Spruce St. New York. It claims to be the cheapest and best dollar monthly published, and we are inclined to think that the purchaser will get the amount of his money in reading matter, to say nothing about the engravings in each number.

CHIP BASKET.

Some 60 or 70 clergymen of the Church of England recently met in London, for the purpose of organizing a new society, to be called the *First Church of England*. The prefix they have chosen seems to indicate a move in the right direction.

Three readers of potent medicine have been ordered to leave Charleston. The people there look with suspicion upon all strangers, and in this case their alarm was well founded, for the three would speedily have dealt out more suffering and death than did Brown and his band.

The advocates of Homeopathy will regret to learn that the spirit of Homeopathic prescription, Ayer's Cathartic Pills for certain earthly complaints. Like the evangelist, fervidly hydropathic, for we have known him to treat a patient with cold water, so when we send to either for medical advice we shall choose Luke.

The next Legislature of Ohio will contain in the Senate, 10 Democrats, and 25 Republicans; in the lower branch 40 Democrats, and 58 Republicans.

A writer in the *Universalist Trumpet*, in telling where Cain might have found his wife, supposed that Adam, at 130 years of age, had a hundred and thirty children. This supposition has been decidedly objected to, as bordering on the extravagant.

In one of our exchanges is a poem "composed by W. C. Whitman" on the death of a child. Though the author is not yet much known to fame, he may be, if he makes great progress. We copy some sample verses.

A little upward of five years  
He went upon this rolling sphere,  
Ever sprightly and gay he was.  
Quite prone to learn his A, B, C.

To his relations he was dear,  
Danger to them did not appear,  
Until October, fifty-nine,  
When first they saw his health decline.

Three doctors called their skill to try,  
Despite of all he had to die;  
The nurses all their duty done,  
But still the monster, Death, would come.

There are seventeen military schools in Russia, containing ten thousand cadets.

A golden eagle was recently shot on the St. Lawrence valley attempting to carry off a child three years of age—no say some of the papers. It is not unusual in this part of the country for golden eagles to carry off children of a much larger growth.

A new phase of the Sunday question has been presented in the courts of San Francisco. A Jew, who had been summoned as a juror, failed to appear. An officer, who was sent after him, found him at his devotions, observing the Festival of Atonement. Refusing to attend, the Judge fined him \$250; the legality of which action will be tested before the proper tribunal.

The visit of the Great Eastern has been postponed until next year. This is a great disappointment to the Portlanders who had made both private and public preparations for their reception. Attempts are being made to prove that Bunyan could the Pilgrim's Progress from an old Frenchman. His own testimony is an explicit denial of any plagiarism.

"Manner and matter too was all mine own,  
Nor was it such an awful mortal known  
Till I had done it."

THE HARPER'S FERRY CONSPIRACY.—A paragraph with the above heading giving the contents of the papers, purporting to be, not a reward for Mr. Giddings, but a proposition, through the *Richmond Whip*, of some nameless body to be one of a hundred to raise \$10,000 for the delivery in Richmond of Joshua R. Giddings living, or \$5,000 for his head. When the amount is made up, and the reward offered over a responsible name, the affair will be worth looking into. Then, it would be a conspiracy for kidnapping and murder, rendering those engaged in it amenable to the penalty of the law; now it is simply southern bluster and bragadocio, full of sound and fury but signifying nothing.

PRISONERS BORN.—Henry Ward Beecher says, "A man who would not help a fellow creature flying from his liberty, must be either a villain or a politician."

PLECK.—The following card from T. L. Carson, editor of the *State League*, speaks for itself.

"Know all men by these presents, that if I, T. L. Carson, should see my sons and daughters on the auction block, or sold to a slaveholder or slave dealer, I should want a sharp shaver, well loaded, and if I could bring the United States Government into an individual, I would aim at his heart, and pray to the God of old John Brown, to give it good execution."

"I will help any slave, father or mother, to a gun, to fight their way out of that great prison-house."

T. L. CARSON.

MARIUS ROBINSON, former editor of the *Anti-Slavery Bells*, of Salem, Ohio, made us a call yesterday. Mr. Robinson is spending some time in Western New York, as agent of the American Anti-Slavery Society, and is laboring especially in favor of a personal Liberty Bill for this State. He is one of the best tempered and most tolerant lecturers of the Garrisonian school of Abolitionists, and will do good service in arousing the people to hate slavery.—*Frederick Douglass Paper*.

JOHN BROWN'S WIFE.—The Worcester *Transcript* says—Mrs. Brown passed through this city on the steamboat *Enterprise* for Charleston. She is a large and noble-looking woman, and worthy of being John Brown's wife. She says that she has always prayed to God that her husband might fall in battle rather than by the hands of slaveholders; but that now she does not regret his capture, for the sake of the noble words he has been permitted to utter. She says that she is the mother of thirteen children, of whom but four survive; but that she would willingly see the ruin of all her household, if it would only help the cause of freedom. What a speech for a wife and mother, whose sons have been so lately assassinated, and whose husband is now lying under sentence of death!

A LAWYER (KANSAS) correspondent of the New York Times, says that recently a slave residing near Independence, Missouri, who was the head of a slave family of five, learned that his master intended selling him for transportation to a more southern latitude, and he sent word to some friends in Kansas that he would give \$500 if he could be safely transported to a place where his freedom could be secured. A small company from Central Kansas started on the promissory mission, and on arriving at the mansion of the slave-owner, found a Southern planter present, and about completing the purchase of the negro family for \$5,500. The correspondent of the Times says:

"The planter had the gold upon his person, and proceeded to count out the \$5,500, when the party seized him, bound him fast to the chair, and took such other steps as would secure their own safety from exposure or pursuit. The planter had brought with him several extra mules to transport the negroes. These the party took for the negro also, and soon they were all under rapid headway out of the State. What has since transpired with them is not so well known, except that they are hastening onward, 'all safe,' and are this must be in that abolition State, called Iowa."

One very singular fact in the transaction is, that the \$5,500 was not disturbed in the least. That will all go to prove that not robbery, but emancipation, was their mission. It was a daring feat that but few could accomplish. It was more so at this particular time, when every stranger in Western Missouri is watched with a suspicious eye, and every neighbor is on the alert to prevent just what has been accomplished."

Washington, Nov. 12.—A man calling himself McDonald was arrested here last night on Seventh street, by Officer Allen, to whom he made such admissions as would lead to the belief that he was one of Brown's party, and had escaped from the straits at Harper's Ferry. He was disguised, assuming the appearance of an old man. He said he was originally from Boston. His breast and chest are well peppered

[illegible]



## Miscellaneous.

## MY ALARMING WIFE.

Mrs. B. is my wife, and her alarms are those produced by a delusion under which she labors, that there are assassins, gnomes, vampires, or what not, in our house at night, and that it is my bounden duty to leave my bed at any hour or temperature, and to do battle with the same, in very inadequate apparel. The circumstances which attend Mrs. B.'s alarms are generally of the following kind:

I am awakened by the mention of my typical name, in that peculiar voice which has something uncanny in its very nature, besides the diabolical associations which belong to it, from the fact of its being used only in melodramas and such matters.

"Henry, Henry, Henry!"

How many times she has repeated this, I know not, the sound fills my ear like the lapping of a hundred waves, or as the "Robin Crusoe," Robin Crusoe, of the perrot, smote upon the ear of the terrified inhabitant of Defoe, but at last I wake to view by the dim firelight, this vision: Mrs. B. is sitting up beside me, in a menacing attitude of the very minutest kind; her nightgown—one with cherry colored ribbons, such as it can do no harm to speak about—is tucked back behind either ear, her hair, in papers, is rolled out like a wig upon each side like a banner furled; her eyes are rather wide open, and her mouth very much so, her fingers would be held up to command attention, that she is supporting herself in a somewhat absurd manner upon her hands.

"Henry, did you hear that?"

"What, my love?"

"That noise. There it is again, there—there!"

The disturbance referred to is that caused by a mouse nibbling at the waistcoat; and I venture to say to no man in a tone of the deepest conviction.

"No, no, Henry; it's not the least like that; it's a life working at the bars of the pantry window. I will strike my existence, Henry, that it is a life."

Whenever my wife makes use of this particular form of words, I know that opposition is useless. I rise, therefore, and put on my slippers and dressing gown. Mrs. B. refuses to let me have the candle, because she will die of terror if she is left alone without a light. She puts the poker in my hand, and, with a gentle violence, is about to expel me from the chamber, when a sudden thought strikes her.

"Stop a bit, Henry," she exclaims, "until I have looked into the cupboard and places; which she proceeds to do most minutely, investigating even the short drawers of a foot and a half square. I am at length dismissed upon my perilous errand, and Mrs. B. locks and double locks the door behind me with a relevancy that almost catches my retreating garments. My exclusion therefore, combines all the dangers of a rally, with the additional disadvantage of having my retreat into my own fortress cut off. Thus, conversely, but insufficiently experienced, I perambulate the lower stories of the house in darkness, in search of that disturber of Mrs. B.'s repose, which, I am well convinced, is behind the waistcoat of her own apartment, and nowhere else. The pantry, I need not say, is as silent as the grave, and about as cold. The great clock in the kitchen looks spectral enough by the light of the expiring tapers, but there is nothing there with life except black beetles, which crawl in countless numbers over my naked ankles. There is a noise in the cellar, such as Mrs. B. would at once identify with the suppressed converse of anticipated burglars, but which I recognize as a noise as the dripping of the small beer cask, which is troubled with a nervous disorganization of that kind. The dining room is still and cheerless; a ghastly arm chair is doing the honors of the table to three other vacant seats, and dispensing hospitality in the shape of a mouldy orange and some biscuits, which I remember to have laid in disgust, almost black, the clicking of a revolver! No! the warning of the great clock—once, two, three.

What a frightful noise it makes in the started ear of night! Twelve o'clock. I left the dining room, then, but three hours and a half ago! I certainly do not look like the victim room now. The drawing-room is also far from wearing its usual snug and comfortable appearance. Could we possibly have all been sitting in the relative positions to one another, which these chairs assume? Or, since we were there, have some mythical company, with no eye to order left among them, taken advantage of the remains of our fire to build a reason? They are here even at this moment, perhaps, and their gentlemen have not yet moved from the dining-room. I shudder from head to foot, partly at the bare idea of such a thing, partly from the naked fact of my exceedingly unbecoming condition. They do say that in the passage, which I have to cross in order to get to Mrs. B. again, my grand-father "walks" in compensation. I suppose, for having been prevented by ghost from taking that species of exercise while he was alive. There are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in your philosophy. I think as I approach the spot, but I do not say so, for I am well right speaker with the cold—yes, the cold; it is only my teeth that chatter. What a scream that was! There it comes again, and there is no doubt this time as to who is the owner of that terrified voice. Mrs. B.'s alarms have evidently taken some other direction. "Henry, Henry," she cries, in tones of a very tolerable pitch. A lady being in the case, I fly upon the wings of domestic love, along the precincts sacred to the perambulations of my grand-father. I arrive at my wife's chamber; the screams continue, but the door is locked.

"Open, open," I shout. "What on earth is the matter?"

There is silence; then a man's voice—that is to say, my wife's voice in imitation of a man's—reflex in tones of indignant ferocity, to convey the idea of a life preserver being under the pillow of the speaker, and ready to his hand—"What are you—what do you want?"

"You very silly woman!" I answer; not from impoliteness, but because I find that that sort of language returns and assumes her of my identity more than any other—"Why, it's I!"

The door is then opened about six or seven inches, and I am admitted with all the precaution which attends the entrance of an ally in a besieged garriotte.

Mrs. B., now leaning upon my shoulder, disarms into comical tears, and points to the door communicating with my sitting chamber.

"There's a rat—somebody been snoring in your dressing-room," she sobs, "all the time you were away."

This statement is a little too much for my sense of humor, and although sympathizing very tenderly with your Mrs. B., I cannot help believing in the truth of her laughter. Laughter and fear are deadly enemies, and I can see at once that Mrs. B. is all the better for this explosion.

"Consider, my love," I reason—"consider the extreme improbability of a burglar or other felonious person making such a use of the few precious hours of darkness, as to go to sleep in them! Why, too, should he take a bedstead without a mattress, which I believe is the case in this particular supposition of yours, when there were feather beds unoccupied in other apartments? Moreover, would not this be a still greater height of recklessness in such an individual, should he have a habit of snoring?"

A slight noise in the dressing room, occasioned by the Venetian blind tapping against the window, causes Mrs. B. to bury her head with extreme swiftness, ostrich-like, beneath the pillow. I enter the suspected chamber—this time with a lighted candle—and find my trousers, with the boots in them, but nothing more. Neither is there anybody reposing under the shadow of my foot-tree upon the floor. All is peace there, and at once and serene, as I left it upon retiring—as I had hoped to rest.

Once more I stretch my chilled and tired limbs upon the couch, sweet sleep once more begins to woo my eyelids, when "Henry, Henry," again dissolves the dim and half-formed dream.

"Are you certain, Henry, that you looked in the shower-bath? I am almost sure that I heard somebody pulling the string."

No grounds in fact are too insufficient, no supposition too ineptible with reason, for Mrs. B. to believe her alarms upon. Sometimes, although we lodge upon the second story, she imagines that the window is being attempted; sometimes, although the register be down, she is confident that the chimney is being used as the means of ingress.

"Once, when we happened to be in London—where she feels, however, a good deal safer than in the country—we had a real alarm, and Mrs. B. once I was suffering from a quincy—contracted mainly by being sent about the house at night in the usual scanty drapery—had to be sworn in as her own special constable."

"Henry, Henry," she whispers on this occasion, "there's a dreadful lot in the room."

"Push back," I gasped; it's only in the street I heard the wretches. Perhaps they are on fire."

"No, Henry. There, I don't want you to talk, since it makes you cough, only listen to me. What am I to do, Henry? I'll strike my existence about there's a—ugh, what's that?"

And, indeed, some heavy body did, there and then jump upon our bed, and off again at my wife's interjection with extreme agility. I thought Mrs. B. would have a fit, but she didn't. She told me dear soul, upon no account to venture into the cold with my throat. She would turn out the heat herself, single-handed. We arranged that she was to take hold of my fingers, and retain them, until she reached the fireplace, where she would find a shovel or other offensive weapon fit for the occasion. During the progress of this expedition, however, so terrible a catarrhal attack took place, as it seemed, from the immediate neighborhood of the feeder, that my disconcerted helpmate made a most precipitate retreat. She managed, after this mishap to procure a light, and, by a circuitous route, constructed of tables and chairs, to avoid stepping on the floor. Mrs. B. obtained the desired weapon. It was much better than a play to behold the heroic woman defying grimalkin from her empyrean, and to listen to the charged dialogue which ensued between herself and that far from dumb, though inarticulately speaking animal.

"Fuss, puss, puss—poor pussy!"

"Miss, puss, puss," was the hoarse shrill cry, long drawn out, of the feline reply.

"Poor old puss, then, was it ill? Fuss, puss, puss, the horrid beast is going to fly at me! Henry, what, what?"

"Puss, puss, puss, puss—poor puss," replied the other, in a voice, like fat in the fire.

"My dear love," cried I, almost suffocated with a combination of laughter and quincy, "you have never opened the door, where is the poor thing to run to?"

Mrs. B. had all this time been exciting the poor thing to frenzy by her conversation and shrill, without giving it the opportunity of escape, when, as soon as offered, it took advantage of with a savage impetuosity, partaking very closely indeed of the character of an oath.

This is, however, the side instance of Mrs. B.'s having ever taken it to hand to subdue her alarm. It is I, who, ever since her marriage, have done the duty of an efficient watch-dog, before that epoch. I understood, was wont to be discharged by one of her younger sisters. Not seldom in these involuntary rounds of mine, I have become myself the cause of alarm or inconvenience to others. Our little foot-pat, with a courage beyond his years, and a spirit worthy of a better cause, very early transferred me with the kitchen-pot, as I was trying, upon another occasion, the door of his own pantry. Upon another nocturnal expedition, I ran against a human body in the dark—that turned out to be my brother-in-law's, who was also in search of robbers—with a shock to both our nervous systems, such as they have not yet recovered from. It fell to my lot upon a third, to discover one of the rural police up in our attic, where in spite of the increased power lately granted to the country constabulary, I could scarcely think he was entitled to be. I once presented myself, an uninvited guest, at a select morning entertainment—it was at half past one o'clock A. M.—given by our hired London coach to nearly a dozen of her male and female friends. No wonder that Mrs. B. had "waked her existence" that night that she heard the area gate "go." When I consider the extremely free and uncontrolled manner in which I was received, poked and all, by that assembly, my only surprise is that they did not signify their arrival by double knocks at the front door.

On one memorable night, and one only, have I found it necessary to use that formidable weapon which habit has rendered as familiar to my hand as its flower to that of the Queen of Clubs.

The gray of morning had just begun to steal into our bed-chamber, when Mrs. B. roused, with unusual vigor, "Henry, Henry, they're in the front drawing-room, and they've just knocked down the parrot-screen."

"My love," I was about to observe, "your imaginations powers have now arrived at the pitch of clairvoyance," when a noise from the room beneath us, as if all the fire-locks had gone off together with a bang, compelled me to acknowledge, to myself at least, that there was something in Mrs. B.'s alarms at last. I trod down stairs as hesitantly as I could, and in almost utter darkness.

The drawing room door was ajar, and through the aperture I could, dimly, despite the gloom, as many as three muffled figures. They were all of them in black clothing, and each wore over his face a mask of crepe, string closely to his features. I had never been confronted by anything so dreadful before. Mrs. B. had cried

"well" so often, that I had almost ceased to believe in waters of this description at all. Unused to personal combat, and embarrassed by the novel circumstances under which I found myself, I was standing undecided on the landing, when I caught that well-known whisper of "Henry! Henry!" from the upper story. The burglars caught it also. They desisted from their occupation of examining some articles of vertu upon the chimney-piece, while their bandish countenances relaxed into a hideous grin. One of them stole cautiously towards the door, where I was standing. I heard his burglarious feet, I heard the "Henry! Henry!" still going on from above stairs, I heard my own heart pit-pat, pit-pat, within me. It was one of those moments in which one lives a life. The head of the crested naradour was projected cautiously round the door, as if to listen. I poised my weapon, and brought it down with unerring aim upon his skull. He fell, like a bullock beneath the axe, and I sped up to my bed-chamber with all the noiselessness and celerity of a bird. It was I who locked the door this time, and piled the wash stand, two hand-basins, and a chair, against it, with the speed of lightning.

Was Mrs. B. out of her mind with terror that at such an hour as that she should indulge in paroxysms of mirth?

"Good heavens!" I cried, "be calm, my love, there are burglars in the house at last!"

"My dear Henry," she answered, laughing so that the tears quivered in her eyes, "I am very sorry; I tried to call you back. But when I sent you down stairs, I quite forgot that this was the morning upon which I had ordered the awnings!"

One of these gentlemen was at that moment lying underneath with his skull fractured, and it cost me fifteen pounds to get it mended, besides the expense of a new drawing-room carpet.

It is but fair to state the primary cause to which all Mrs. B.'s alarms, and by consequence, my little personal inconveniences, are mainly owing. Mrs. B.'s mamma was one of the last admirers of the "Old Manor House" and "Mystic of the Castle" school of literature, and her daughter was brought up in her own faith. Mrs. Radcliffe was a painter of nature, as it appears on earth; and that Mr. Matthew Lewis had been let into the great secret of what was going on—so serious, indeed, did my respected mother-in-law mature to make herself throughout her life-time, by the perusal of these her favorite books, that it was rumored that she married each of her four husbands at least as much from a disinclination to be without a protector during the long watches of the night, as from any other cause. Mrs. B. herself was haunted, in her earlier years, with the very unpleasant notion that she was what I believe the Germans call a *deppelgänger*; that there was a duplicate of her going about the world at the same time—that during some day or other—or night—they would have a distressing meeting. And, moreover, at last they did so, and in the following manner. Her mamma was residing for a few days at Kenrick, supping full of horrors in the German division of the late Mr. Southey's library every evening, and enjoying herself, doubtless, after her own peculiar fashion, when she suddenly fell ill, or thought she was falling, and sent a post-chaise, express, to fetch her daughter, (Mrs. B.) who happened to be staying at that time with some friends at Penrith. The long mountain road was then by no means a good one; and it may be easily imagined that nothing but fatal duty would have induced my doppelgänger to have started upon such a journey at dusk—although it was sure to be a fine moonlight night—and alone. Mrs. B., however, being warm and comfortable, went off to sleep very soon, like any boulder, nor did she wake until the chaise had skirted Ullswater, and was within a few miles of home. She had looked carefully under both seats, and even into the side-pockets of the carriage before starting, to make sure that there was no sitting upon the opposite cushion—a female form—muffled in much clothing, but with a face pale in the moonlight, with eyes half shut, yet with a look of bugged meaning in them, steadily fixed upon her own. It was herself! It was Mrs. B.'s double! The dreadful hour was come. The poor girl closed her eyelids to keep off the horrid sight, and tried to reason with herself upon the impossibility of anything being really there, but in vain. She had been thoroughly awake, she was sure; the vision was not the offspring of a disordered brain, for she felt collected, and even almost calm. Venturing to steal another look at it, there it still sat, peering with half shut eyes into her face, with the same curious aspect as before.

Not even when they rumbled over Kewslaw stones, nor until the felt herself being lifted out in the post-boy's arms, did the trust herself to look forth again. The carriage she had just quitted was empty. There was something sitting there, "said she solemnly pointing to the vacant cushions. "Yes, Miss," replied he, pointing to a huge package on the ground beside them, "I brought to bring it on for a poor man, a cabinet-maker at Pooley Bridge, and seeing you were alone when we stopped there, I made bold to put it on the opposite seat. I hope it did not inconvenience you, Miss. It was only a looking-glass, as I know pretty young ladies don't object to seeing themselves in looking-glasses, I turned its face towards you."

When a noble deed is wrought, When a noble thought is thought, Our hearts in glad surprise To higher levels rise.

Honor to those who words or deeds Thus help us in our daily needs, And by their overflow Raise us from what is low!

[LUNGFELLOW.]

Avoid quotations, unless you are well studied in their import, and feel their pertinence. My friend, the other day, while looking at the skeleton of an ass, which had been dug out of a sand-pit, and admiring and wondering at the structure of that despatched animal, made a very bad and unbecomingly of one: "Ah!" said he, with the deepest humility, and a sympathy worthy of a La Fontaine, "we are fearfully and wonderfully made."

A THOUGHT FOR YOUNG MEN.—No wreck is so shocking to behold as that of a dissolute young man. On the person of the debauchee or libertine, infamy is written. How nature hangs labels over him, to testify her disgust at his example! How she hovers all his joints; sends tremors along his muscles, and bends forward his frame! The wretch whose life-long pleasure it has been to debase himself, and to debauch others, whose heart has been steeped with sin so that it is black all over, is an offense to the heart of the unblemished not to be described.

THE SLAVE'S DREAM.

Beside the unglazed rice he lay, His sickle in his hand; His breast was bare, his matted hair Was buried in the sand. Again, in the mist and shadow of sleep, He saw his Native Land.

Wide through the landscape of his dreams The lordly Niger flowed; Beneath the palm-trees on the plain O'er more a king he strode; And heard the tinkling caravans Descend the mountain road.

He saw once more his dark-eyed queen Among her children stand; They clasped his neck, they kissed his cheeks, They held him by the hand— A tear burst from the sleeper's lids And fell into the sand.

And then at furious speed he rode Along the Niger's bank; His bridle-reins were golden chains, And, with a martial clank, At each leap he could feel his scabbard of steel Smiting his stallion's flank.

Before him like a blood-red flag The bright flamingoes flew; From more than light he followed their flight, O'er plains where the lamartins grew, Till he saw the roofs of Caffre huts, And the ocean rose to view.

At night he heard the lion roar, And the hyena scream, And the river horse, as he crashed the reeds Beside some hidden stream; And it passed, like a glorious roll of drums, Through the triumph of his dream.

The forests, with their myriads of tongues, Shouted for liberty; And the Blast of the Desert cried aloud, With a voice so wild and free That he started in his sleep and smiled At their tempestuous glee.

He did not feel the driver's whip, Nor the burning heat of day, For Death had illumined the Land of Sleep, And his lifeless body lay A worn out fatter, that the soul Had broken and thrown away!

THE IRON ELEPHANT.

The locomotive steam engine has been called the iron horse. The hydraulic crane ought to be called the iron elephant. A huge iron crane stands upon the quay at Newcastle, England, within a few feet of the edge. A very thick chain hanging over the water may be taken to represent the elephant's trunk. At the foot of the crane is a small horizontal dial with two fingers. A man or boy turns one of the fingers to the right; the chain descends into the hold of a ship lying at anchor beneath. Another touch the finger and the crane comes round, and chain and heavy load describe part of a circle until the load is over its destined resting place. Touch the finger again, all is stationary. Another slight move, and the load is deposited. A child can direct and control the movements. Every movement of the crane follows the dial with unerring precision. If an error occurs it is due to the hand that directs, not the power that works. That power is a drop of water. You hear no noise, except of the chain running down. There is no haste, no exertion, no uncertainty. All is impassibility and smoothness. The iron elephant would lift a pin or a baby more safely and delicately than could a lady. In the London docks you may see him lift a bullock, or a few tons of iron, or wood, or any other thing, and apparently with the same ease with which he would lift a baby. This machine is the invention of Sir William G. Armstrong, the inventor of the rifled cannon.

THEODORE WELD'S SCHOOL.

Mrs. Frances D. Gage of St. Louis, in a letter to *The Tribune*, thus notices Mr. Weld's school:

"We are glad to record that there is one school in this country, and we hope there may be more, where girls are encouraged to take vigorous physical exercise; where boys and girls are educated together; where the girls have boat clubs, and play ball and use the gymnasium; where to run, and ride, and jump are not considered unnatural for young ladies; and to laugh, and shout, and sing in the open air, not as abuse of the organs made for that purpose.

"Any one not fossilized by conventionalisms, who will visit Englewood school, near Perth Amboy, New Jersey, under the care of the noted philanthropist, Theodore Weld, and his wife, Mrs. Angelina Grimké Weld, and her sister, Sarah Grimké, may see a sight that will do their hearts good. Think of it. A host of young ladies from upper tandom, daughters of learned professors, reverend divines, retired merchants, and first families of Fifth avenue, dressed in gray flannel tunics, trimmed with scarlet, reaching only below the knee; pants of the same, meeting high boots with scarlet tops, taking part with the young gentlemen in boating their little boats, the 'Halcione' upon their shoulders, and walking off with it a quarter of a mile to the shore of the Raritan, there launching it upon the water, waving their thanks to the gentlemen, for their aid, naming it (the Captain was Miss Manning) with as merry a crew as ever set sail. Ah, it gave one high hope for the future to see those bright-eyed girls, a dozen of them, tow back their curls under their boating hats, pet their ungloved hands to their ears, and bear away with steady sweep into the current and stem a head wind, four miles out and three miles back, as the Captain said, with no complaint of weariness. These girls can swim, lift weights, play ball, ride and run, and I feel assured, too, steady Greek and Latin, and read Shakespeare, and advance equally with those who are sitting for Cambridge and Yale."

THE ANTI-SLAVERY BUGLE.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY, AT SALEM, OHIO, by the Executive Committee of the Western Anti-Slavery Society.

TERMS.—\$1.50 per annum payable in advance. Communications intended for insertion, to be addressed to BENJAMIN S. JONES, Editor. Orders for the paper and letters containing money in payment for the same, should be addressed to ANN PARSONS, Publishing Agent, Salem, Columbiana County, Ohio.

Money carefully enveloped and directed as above, may be sent by mail at our risk.

We occasionally send numbers to those who are not subscribers, but who are believed to be interested in the dissemination of Anti-Slavery truth, with the hope that they will either subscribe themselves or use their influence to extend its circulation among their friends.

TERMS OF ADVERTISING.

One Square (16 lines) three weeks, \$1.00

" " Each additional insertion, .25

" " Six months, 4.00

" " One year, 6.00

Two Squares six months, 8.00

" " One year, 12.00

One Fourth Column one year, with privilege of changing monthly, 12.00

Half Column, changing monthly, 20.00

Cards not exceeding eight lines, will be inserted one year for \$3.00; six months, \$2.00.

J. HUDSON, PRINTER.

BOARDING HOUSE.

WILLIAM STILL'S

Centel Boarding House,

No. 832 Third Street, below Ninth, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

PHILADELPHIA REFERENCES.

REV. STEPHEN SMITH, REV. W. DOUGLASS, REV. JACOB C. WHITE, MRS. H. H. RILEY, MRS. THOS. J. DART, MRS. W. W. WHIPPLE.

April 2-ly. \$2p.

JAMES SMILEY, M. D.

Office and Residence four doors West of WHITNEY & FIRESTONE'S DRUG STORE, South side of Main Street, Salem, Ohio.

Salem, July 31st 1858.

George W. Manley, AMBROTYPE AND PHOTOGRAPH ARTIST, SCHILLING'S BLOCK, MAIN STREET, SALEM, OHIO.

Salem, June 23, 1858.

SALEM IRON WORKS

SALEM, COLUMBIANA CO., OHIO.

SHARP & KING, IMPROVED STATIONARY AND PORTABLE STEAM ENGINES, Improved Circular Saw-Mills and Mill-Gearing of all descriptions, Machinery Tools for all purposes. Great Cutting done to order on New and Improved Principles. A good assortment of Superior Rubber Belting for sale at the lowest cash prices. Particular attention given to the construction of Machinery for Flouring Mills—both Steam and Water.

We have provided ourselves with a Gear-cutting Machine, which enables us to cut gearing 64 feet in diameter, and under, and 10 inch face, and under, also to fill core wheels and dress the teeth with the same machine, which insures accuracy and uniformity in the teeth. Dressing gears in this way is less expensive and more accurate than doing it by hand. We will warrant our gearing to run as smoothly as cast and smooth as bells.

Cash paid for old Iron, Copper and Brass. May 14, 1859—1y.

BROADWAY CLOTH & CLOTHING HOUSE, SALEM, COLUMBIANA CO., OHIO.

[SIGN OF THE AMERICAN FLAG.]

The Largest and Cheapest Clothing House in the country. Our large assortment of Men's and Boys' Clothing is all of our own make, and made up of Goods bought directly of the Manufacturers and Importers, and all articles are Guaranteed as Represented to the purchaser. Our stock of Fashionable Goods comprises everything in the line.

Men and Boys. We have constantly on hand a large and varied assortment of Seasonable Piece Goods of Every description, adapted to Men's and Boys' Wear.

By the yard, or make up to order in a superior manner. It is well known that our Cutters, Mr. Cowen, stands unsurpassed in his profession, and that we keep the best workmen to make up our work.

Our motto is "Ready Pay—Quick Sales and Small Profits." Goods received from the East weekly. Patrons received monthly.

N. B.—We have opened a House at ALLIANCE, STARK COUNTY, OHIO, in the new and elegant store-room, west end of the Buckeye House, where Goods can be bought at the same low rates as at our house in Salem. We thank the Public for their past liberal patronage, and shall use every exertion to merit its continuance and increase.

H. WEEKS & CO., Sign of the American Flag. May 14, 1859.

FALL OF 1859. J. & L. SCHILLING, STARK COUNTY, OHIO.

"CHAP CORNER," SALEM, COLUMBIANA CO., OHIO, are now in receipt of their first

Large Stock of Fall and Winter GOODS! comprising every variety of PLAIN and FASHIONABLE DRESS GOODS, DRESS SILKS, CLOTH, CLOAKS and MANTILLAS, Fall Style Bonnets and Bonnet Ribbons, Dress Trimmings, Floorings, Embroideries, Shirtings, Gloves, Hosiery, the MOST CELEBRATED MATTRESS and SKELETON SKIRTS, FALL and WINTER SHAWLS! A heavy stock Staple and House Furnishing Goods, a heavy stock of Carpets, GLASS and QUEENSWARE, Ladies' and Children's Shoes, Wall and Window Paper, Groceries, &c. Thankful for past favors, and feeling satisfied our present stock stands unequalled in Eastern Ohio, we solicit an early call. Yours, Respectfully, J. & L. SCHILLING.

THE ANTI-SLAVERY BUGLE.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY, AT SALEM, OHIO, by the Executive Committee of the Western Anti-Slavery Society.

TERMS.—\$1.50 per annum payable in advance. Communications intended for insertion, to be addressed to BENJAMIN S. JONES, Editor. Orders for the paper and letters containing money in payment for the same, should be addressed to ANN PARSONS, Publishing Agent, Salem, Columbiana County, Ohio.

Money carefully enveloped and directed as above, may be sent by mail at our risk.

We occasionally send numbers to those who are not subscribers, but who are believed to be interested in the dissemination of Anti-Slavery truth, with the hope that they will either subscribe themselves or use their influence to extend its circulation among their friends.

TERMS OF ADVERTISING.

One Square (16 lines) three weeks, \$1.00

" " Each additional insertion, .25

" " Six months, 4.00

" " One year, 6.00

Two Squares six months, 8.00

" " One year, 12.00

One Fourth Column one year, with privilege of changing monthly, 12.00

Half Column, changing monthly, 20.00

Cards not exceeding eight lines, will be inserted one year for \$3.00; six months, \$2.00.

J. HUDSON, PRINTER.

BOARDING HOUSE.

WILLIAM STILL'S

Centel Boarding House,

No. 832 Third Street, below Ninth, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

PHILADELPHIA REFERENCES.

REV. STEPHEN SMITH, REV. W. DOUGLASS, REV. JACOB C. WHITE, MRS. H. H. RILEY, MRS. THOS. J. DART, MRS. W. W. WHIPPLE.

April 2-ly. \$2p.

JAMES SMILEY, M. D.

Office and Residence four doors West of WHITNEY & FIRESTONE'S DRUG STORE, South side of Main Street, Salem, Ohio.

Salem, July 31st 1858.

George W. Manley, AMBROTYPE AND PHOTOGRAPH ARTIST, SCHILLING'S BLOCK, MAIN STREET, SALEM, OHIO.

Salem, June 23, 1858.

SALEM IRON WORKS

SALEM, COLUMBIANA CO., OHIO.

SHARP & KING, IMPROVED STATIONARY AND PORTABLE STEAM ENGINES, Improved Circular Saw-Mills and Mill-Gearing of all descriptions, Machinery Tools for all purposes. Great Cutting done to order on New and Improved Principles. A good assortment of Superior Rubber Belting for sale at the lowest cash prices. Particular attention given to the construction of Machinery for Flouring Mills—both Steam and Water.

We have provided ourselves with a Gear-cutting Machine, which enables us to cut gearing 64 feet in diameter, and under, and 10 inch face, and under, also to fill core wheels and dress the teeth with the same machine, which insures accuracy and uniformity in the teeth. Dressing gears in this way is less expensive and more accurate than doing it by hand. We will warrant our gearing to run as smoothly as cast and smooth as bells.

Cash paid for old Iron, Copper and Brass. May 14, 1859—1y.

BROADWAY CLOTH & CLOTHING HOUSE, SALEM, COLUMBIANA CO., OHIO.

[SIGN OF THE AMERICAN FLAG.]

The Largest and Cheapest Clothing House in the country. Our large assortment of Men's and Boys' Clothing is all of our own make, and made up of Goods bought directly of the Manufacturers and Importers, and all articles are Guaranteed as Represented to the purchaser. Our stock of Fashionable Goods comprises everything in the line.

Men and Boys. We have constantly on hand a large and varied assortment of Seasonable Piece Goods of Every description, adapted to Men's and Boys' Wear.

By the yard, or make up to order in a superior manner. It is well known that our Cutters, Mr. Cowen, stands unsurpassed in his profession, and that we keep the best workmen to make up our work.

Our motto is "Ready Pay—Quick Sales and Small Profits." Goods received from the East weekly. Patrons received monthly.

N. B.—We have opened a House at ALLIANCE, STARK COUNTY, OHIO, in the new and elegant store-room, west end of the Buckeye House, where Goods can be bought at the same low rates as at our house in Salem. We thank the Public for their past liberal patronage, and shall use every exertion to merit its continuance and increase.

H. WEEKS & CO., Sign of the American Flag. May 14, 1859.

FALL OF 1859. J. & L. SCHILLING, STARK COUNTY, OHIO.

"CHAP CORNER," SALEM, COLUMBIANA CO., OHIO, are now in receipt of their first

Large Stock of Fall and Winter GOODS! comprising every variety of PLAIN and FASHIONABLE DRESS GOODS, DRESS SILKS, CLOTH, CLOAKS and MANTILLAS, Fall Style Bonnets and Bonnet Ribbons, Dress Trimmings, Floorings, Embroideries, Shirtings, Gloves, Hosiery, the MOST CELEBRATED MATTRESS and SKELETON SKIRTS, FALL and WINTER SHAWLS! A heavy stock Staple and House Furnishing Goods, a heavy stock of Carpets, GLASS and QUEENSWARE, Ladies' and Children's Shoes, Wall and Window Paper, Groceries, &c. Thankful for past favors, and feeling satisfied our present stock stands unequalled in Eastern Ohio, we solicit an early call. Yours, Respectfully, J. & L. SCHILLING.

THE ANTI-SLAVERY BUGLE.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY, AT SALEM, OHIO, by the Executive Committee of the Western Anti-Slavery Society.

TERMS.—\$1.50 per annum payable in advance. Communications intended for insertion, to be addressed to BENJAMIN S. JONES, Editor. Orders for the paper and letters containing money in payment for the same, should be addressed to ANN PARSONS, Publishing Agent, Salem, Columbiana County, Ohio.

Money carefully enveloped and directed as above, may be sent by mail at our risk.

We occasionally send numbers to those who are not subscribers, but who are believed to be interested in the dissemination of Anti-Slavery truth, with the hope that they will either subscribe themselves or use their influence to extend its circulation among their friends.

TERMS OF ADVERTISING.

One Square (16 lines) three weeks, \$1.00

" " Each additional insertion, .25

" " Six months, 4.00

" " One year, 6.00

Two Squares six months, 8.00

" " One year, 12.00

One Fourth Column one year, with privilege of changing monthly, 12.00

Half Column, changing monthly, 20.00

Cards not exceeding eight lines, will be inserted one year for \$3.00; six months, \$2.00.

J. HUDSON, PRINTER.

BOARDING HOUSE.

WILLIAM STILL'S

Centel Boarding House,

No. 832 Third Street, below Ninth, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

PHILADELPHIA REFERENCES.

REV. STEPHEN SMITH, REV. W. DOUGLASS, REV. JACOB C. WHITE, MRS. H. H. RILEY, MRS. THOS. J. DART, MRS. W. W. WHIPPLE.

April 2-ly. \$2p.

JAMES SMILEY, M. D.

Office and Residence four doors West of WHITNEY & FIRESTONE'S DRUG STORE, South side of Main Street, Salem, Ohio.

Salem, July 31st